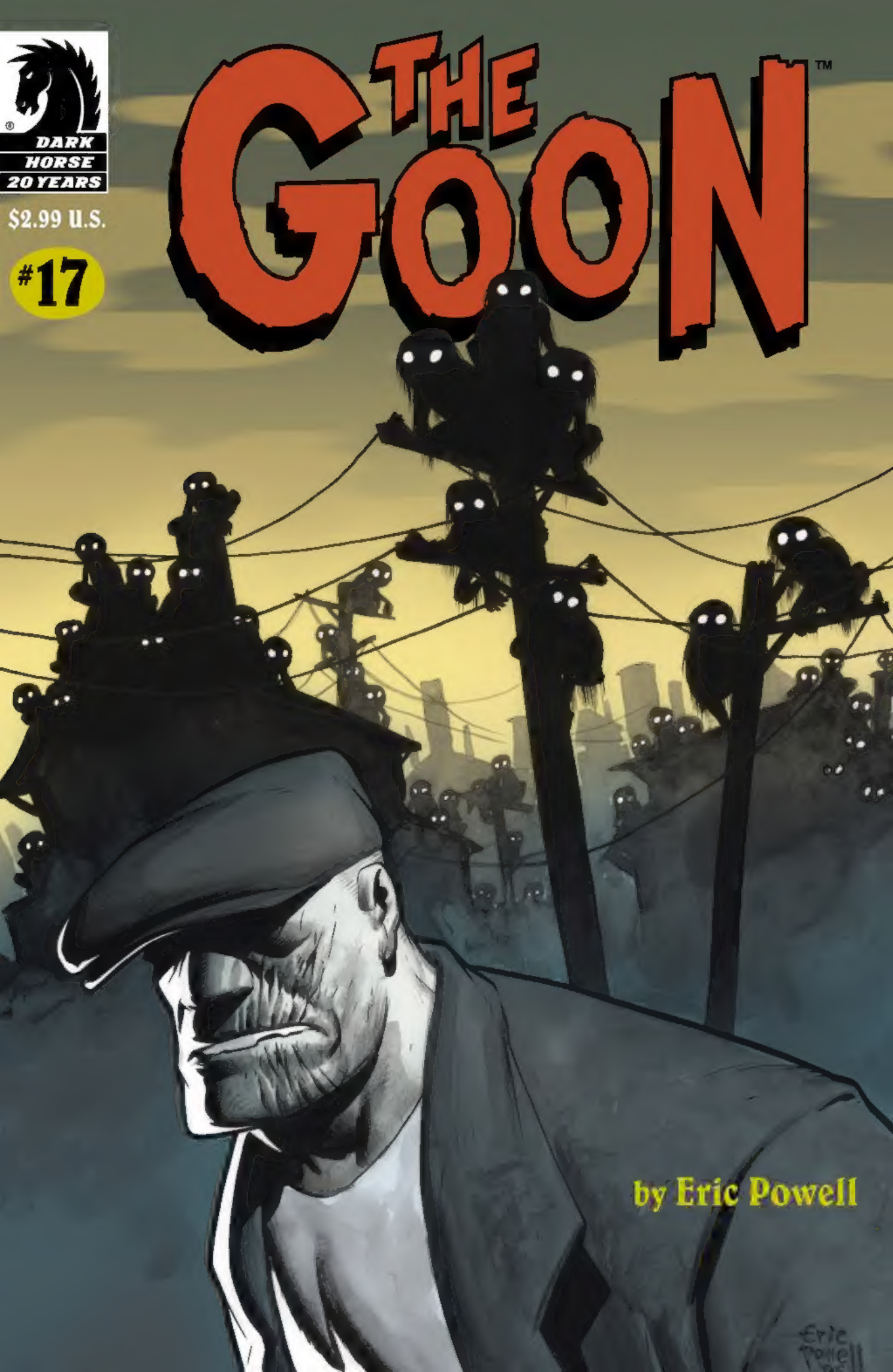
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#17
THE GOON™
by Eric Powell

The nameless man, the zombie priest, had come to town to build a gang from the undead. But even the undead fear…

THE GOON™

by Eric Powell

edited by Matt Dryer **designed by Amy Arendts**
published by Mike Richardson

Zombies provided by **Iethro and Earl Zombie Wranglerin' Inc.**
and **The Adopt-A-Zombie Foundation**

The Men's Ice Dancing Silver Medal goes to: **Scott Allie**

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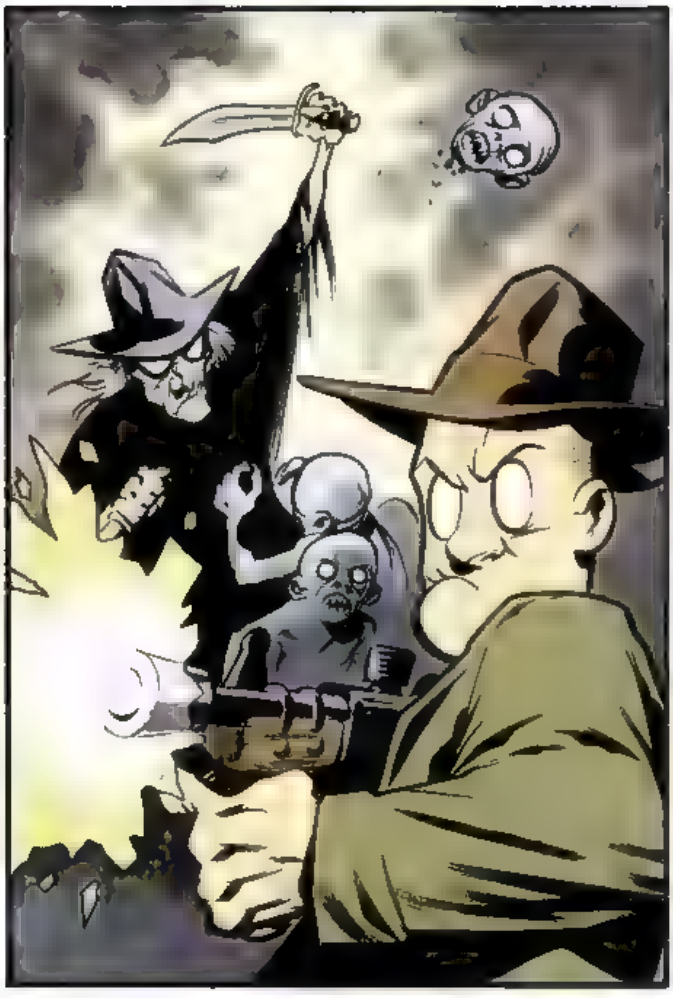
SCHOOL

THE BUTTER CAME OUT A GRIZZLE-Y GREY! RISTLE-TEE ROSTLE-TEE, MO, MO, MO!!

RUN FOR IT, LADY! THERE'S BLOODTHIRSTY LITTLE FREAKS ALL OVER THE PLACE!

HHSSSSS

HEY!
HEY!
GET OFF 'IM, YA CHUG-HEADED TROGLODYTES, BEFORE I PLUG YA!
YOU THINK I WON'T PUT A SLUG IN YER FACE JUST 'CAUSE YOU WAS BORN WITH A GIANT POTATO HEAD, YOU GOT ANOTHER THING COMIN'!



ESCAPEES FROM A MONGOLOID BABY CLINIC. NOTHIN' ELSE FOR IT. THEM THINGS GO FERAL AFTER A WHILE IF THEY AIN'T BEAT ON A REGULAR BASIS, YA KNOW.
[redacted]! I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT THIS IS! THE PRIEST HAS DONE ROUND HIMSELF UP SOME NEW MUSCLE SOMEHOW.
I FELT IT IN MY GUT. KNEW HE WOULDN'T JUST LAY DOWN AND GIVE UP WHEN WE HAD HIM ON THE ROPES.
THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT! WE COULD HAVE HIT HIM WHILE HE WAS WEAK! BUT, NO! I LISTENED TO YOU! AND NOW I GOTTA GO THROUGH THIS CRAP ALL OVER AGAIN!!

YOU AIN'T GOIN' THROUGH IT AGAIN. YOU AIN'T BEEN THROUGH IT THE FIRST TIME YET.
WELL, OF COURSE! HEY, GOON, WE WAS TOTALLY THINKIN' STRAIGHT WHEN WE DECIDED TO TAKE BUSINESS ADVICE FROM AN UNDEAD SUICIDAL CANNIBAL WHO SPEAKS IN GIBBERISH! WHO WOULDN'T?!
I SHOULD REALLY KICK YOUR A--
GAH! WHATTA YOU FELLAS WANT FROM ME?!
IF I HAVE IN SOME WAY OFFENDED SOMEONE OF YOUR RELATION, WHOMEVER THEY MAY BE, I WANT TO ASSURE YOU THAT IT'S NOT MY USUAL MODUS OPERANDI TO SEEK CLIENTELE AT HOMES FOR THE INCONTINENT!

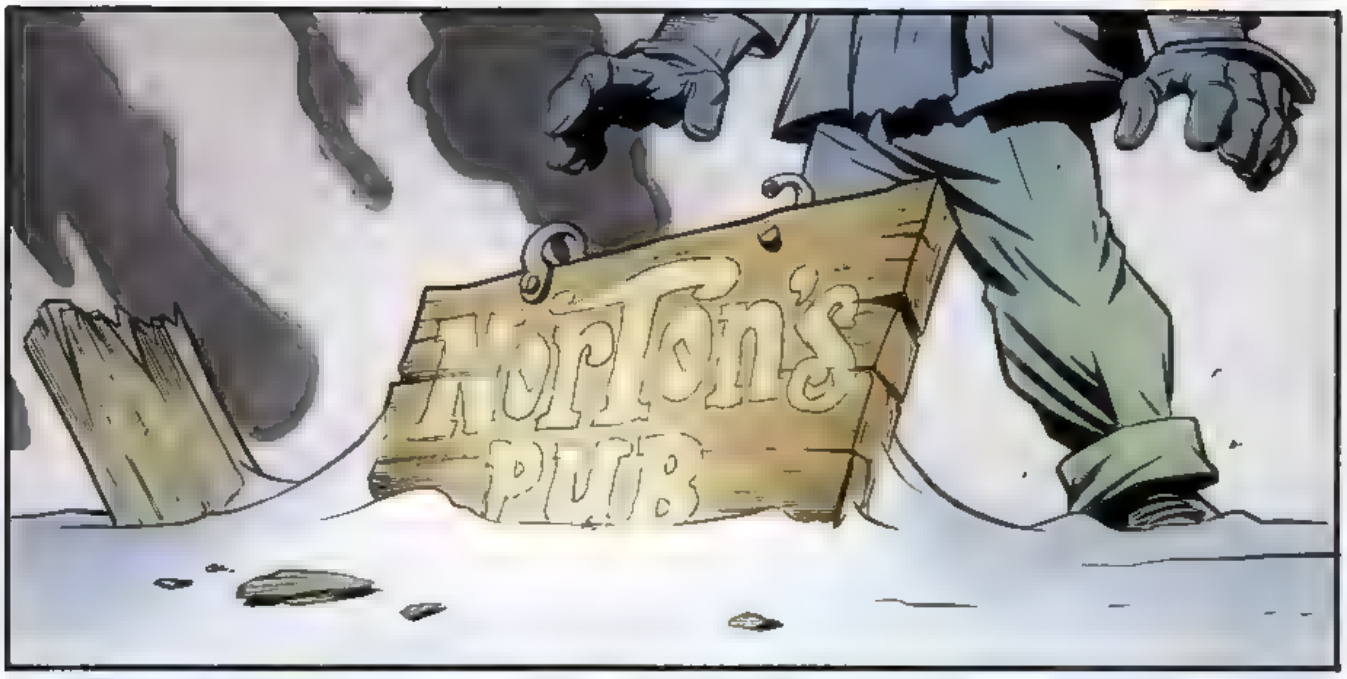
THEY DON'T KNOW, MOTHER CORPSE. THEY SEE ONLY A GLIMPSE. MY HAND WILL CLOSE ON THEM AND STILL THEY WILL NOT KNOW.
I WANT MY BABIES. WHY ARE THEY TAKING MY BABIES?
HUSH UP! WHY MUST YOU BE SUCH A WORRYWART?! YOU CAN'T BABY THEM FOREVER!
KIDS GROW UP FAST THESE DAYS, YOU KNOW. ONE DAY THEY'RE POPPING FROM THEIR BULBOUS LITTLE TUMORS... SIX HOURS LATER THEY'RE EATING PEOPLE AND SETTING THE VILLAGE ON FIRE.

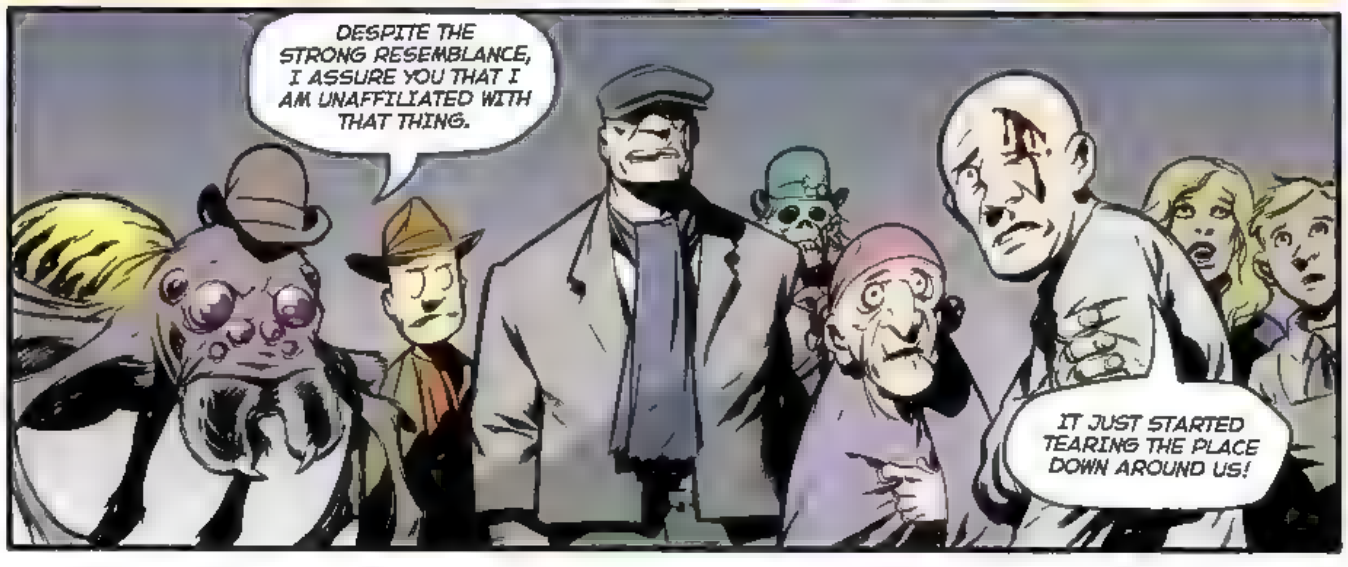
NEVER IN ALL MY DAYS DID I EVER THINK I'D WASTE A BULLET TO SAVE THE HIDE OF A SLACK-JAW. I FEEL SO... DEPRAVED.
SAY, FELLAS, WORD OF WARNING... THEY TAKE SELLING FRAUDULENT ACCIDENTAL-DEATH INSURANCE PERSONALLY AT THE LEAKY BUCKET HOME FOR THE INCONTINENT ELDERLY!
POUNCED A HALF-DOZEN NAKED RABID DWARVES ON ME!
THEM THINGS WAS AT THE INCONTINENCE HOSPITAL?! THERE'LL BE URINE AND DENTURES EVERYWHERE!
LET'S GO!
ST

IT'S THE CIRCLE OF LIFE, MOTHER CORPSE, YOU HAVE TO CUT LOOSE THE APRON STRINGS SOME TIME.
MY BABIES! I WANT THEM! PLEASE!
LOOK! YOU'RE A HAT!

WHEW! GAG! THE SMELL OF URINE-SOAKED OLD PEOPLE HANGS HEAVY IN THE AIR!
THE LEAKY BUCKET HOME FOR THE INCONTINENT ELDERLY
SAVE ME! SAVE ME! THE DEMONS HAVE COME TO TAKE ME TO HELL FOR BEING PROMISCUOUS WITH A HAIRY FOREIGN GENTLEMAN AND HIS ENTOURAGE OF BURLY DEBUTANTES WHEN I WAS AT THE TENDER AGE OF SIXTEEN!
EWW!
LOOKOUT FOR THE YELLOW SNOW!
THE LITTLE CHUG-HEADED FREAKS HAVE DONE RANSACKED THE JOINT AND TOOK OFF!
THEIR TRAIL IS EASY ENOUGH TA FOLLOW.

NORTON'S PUB
NORTON'S PUB


Norton's
PUB


DESPITE THE STRONG RESEMBLANCE, I ASSURE YOU THAT I AM UNAFFILIATED WITH THAT THING.
IT JUST STARTED TEARING THE PLACE DOWN AROUND US!

GIMME THAT!

COME BACK HERE!!

SAY, WHERE'D BUZZARD GO?
THAT FELLA IN BLACK? BEATS ME.
WHAT'S THE PLAN?
RIGHT NOW... WE PUT OUT THE FIRE. AFTER THAT, I DUNNO. BUT I THINK IT'S SAFE TO SAY THINGS ARE ABOUT TO GET A LOT WORSE.
END.

EMPIRE